

SHORT SKIRTS ADD TO LEGION'S FUNDS

Increased Girth of Post Members Also Brings in Penny an Inch for Building

VETERANS TO GIVE PLAY

A novelty in the way of an admission fee to the coffee party the other night of William T. Shegline Post, No. 30, O. E. S., American Legion, added a tidy sum to the building fund.

About a hundred members of the post and its auxiliary attended. Some one decided that each of the girls should pay a cent for every inch of skirt she wore.

George Mooney, manager of the Blue Post baseball team, is looking for a couple of good ball players—former service men, of course. Mooney's address is 2122 South Jessup street.

The Dramatic Club of Walter M. Gearty Post, No. 315, is rehearsing its own show, "Seven or Eleven," which is to have its premiere in a few weeks at Mason Hall.

There is said to be in the script of "Seven or Eleven" a great deal of virgin humor and a few traumas on low life was with the late A. E. F. Say the manager: "For the first time the deepest and darkest secrets of the doughboy's soul will be revealed."

Recently Gearty Post had a visit from Russ Commander Thompson. It will be remembered that a good many of the members of this post were in Thompson's command overseas.

Next week the much-celebrated Nobis Noble Club of Houston Post No. 3 will hold its minstrel show, called "Nevading."

The Daily Novelette

Good Fish in the Sea
By Rose Meredith

MRS. MERTON fixed her hard bright eyes on Ruth's pale face. "Don't pine after Arthur Bent, Ruthie—he isn't worth one single tear from my girl!"

"I am not shedding tears, Mrs. Merton," said the girl proudly. "The engagement is broken—and he has gone back east."

"I heard there was another girl out there."

"I heard so, too," retorted Ruth. "and if you do not mind, Mrs. Merton, suppose we talk about something else."

"Glad enough, my dear, for he was as mean as all get-out to steal your heart away and then go off—but remember, there's as good fish in the sea as ever were caught!"

"I suppose so," said Ruth listlessly, as she picked up her knitting. "I am afraid I am not much of a fisherman."

Ruth's mother came back to the room and glanced at the well-meaning neighbor. She suspected that the trend of conversation had been toward the light-hearted Arthur Bent. She sat down and busily threaded a needle. "Ruthie's rising, they say," she began.

"I want to know! I heard Little Creek was way over the banks, but I didn't know it had broken loose—if the river keeps on rising and the dam breaks—then good-by to Blue River and all our homes!"

The women looked out at the swiftly running Blue River and talked about how the small streams were full to overflowing and that the spring freshets were due.

"I've always been afraid of Blue River, even if I've lived on its banks for twenty years," remarked Mrs. Merton as she went.

"I am more worried about those poor folk in the Little Village region along Little River," declared Mrs. Holton. She stood a while in the doorway, enjoying the fragrance of apple blossoms and the fresh, earthy smell from the newly plowed fields.

Then her gaze turned to her pretty daughter and the anxiety in her eyes deepened as she noted the swiftly flying fingers. "What are you knitting, Ruth?" she asked at last.

The girl smiled. "Don't laugh at me, mother dear, but I am knitting a scarf—it started out to be a muffler for Arthur—and since he has gone away, I have kept right on knitting away, using up all the stray bits of yarn in the house—see the crazy-quilt effect? Some day, when I have used the last bit of wool, it will be completed, and all my trouble will be knitted into it—see, it is six yards long now!"

"My dear! Don't you think you have done enough?"

"Yes—I begin to feel that I am nearing the end—I am caring less every day!"

"What a blessed scarf that will be! It is a good plan to knit our troubles into useful things like that, Ruthie. I do believe the river is rising—see, I can catch the glint of it between those trees. I never saw it before. I am glad we are on high ground here—your father says he believes in building his house on a hill!"

Ruth got up and went to the back door. They watched the brimming river as its rushing movement toward the distant sea.

"I am afraid of the flood, mother," said the girl softly, "and yet somehow, I am waiting for it. I have a feeling that things will be different after that."

that the dam had burst and that the whole village of Little River was floating down stream. Below the Holton farm men were gathering to save any threatened lives, to stop any floating buildings.

Now the river was alive with strange craft of every description. Chickens croaked, one with a defiant rooster crowing lustily from its peak, wooden tubs, woodsheds, small buildings, bobbed past on the tide; then a house floated down, the inmates looking out of the second-story windows, waving carelessly to the women on the bank; they could see that the men below had caught the house with boat hooks and were towing it safely into a cove. Another house was coming down—a low white building with green shutters. It looked familiar to Mrs. Holton.

"It's the parsonage at Little River," she exclaimed hysterically, for any one could see that the parsonage was not at Little River just now. "And land, Ruth, is that a man on the roof? It is; perhaps it's the minister. If that house catches on the old snag the whole thing will topple over and he will be drowned. Makes alive, Ruthie, where are you going? Come down this instant!"

But Ruth did not obey. Under her arm was the big bundle of knitting that she had been working on—knitting all her sorrow into it. She pulled out the needles as she ran, and then she began to climb the old oak tree that stretched a huge arm across the river above the dreaded snag. Astride the limb of the tree, she worked her way down until she swung over the river. Then she tied one of her shoes to the end of the scarf and began to unravel her rope. One end was thrown over the limb and secured; the other, with its dangling little shoe, swung low enough to attract the minister's attention. He

glanced up, saw the rope, the limb and made a quick grasp for the dangling shoe. He caught it, gripped the minister, pulled himself up with quick little movements and then caught the branch. Ruth's strong young arms did the rest.

The parsonage was wrecked on the old snag, but the minister was saved. That night Ruth told him the story of her long scarf. He nodded, and his

Every Man His Own Wife : —By J. P. MEEVOY

How to Order Groceries
SO MANY men gaze with undisguised admiration upon the assortments of food which come into their kitchens, wondering how in the san hill their wives can ever pick and choose what they require from the vast conglomeration in the store.

This lesson will draw aside the veil and make it possible for you, too, to order groceries intelligently and efficiently.

Suppose you wish to order groceries for dinner.

About 10 o'clock in the morning call your grocer and say: "Have you anything nice for dinner this evening?"

And he will say: "How about some nice cabbage or some nice spinach?"

And you will say: "That would be nice. What would I get to go with it?"

And he will say: "Well, some nice corned beef or pork shanks or ham hocks would be nice."

And then you will say: "Well, send me up some nice cabbage, about enough for three, and then send me something to go with it. What would you suggest?" And he will suggest whatever he

strong face looked down at her very tenderly. "Will it hurt you if I tell you that I married that man to a foolish girl, last week?"

"I don't care a bit," said Ruth, and it was quite true.

When Mrs. Merton came again, some two months later, she tapped Ruth's sunny head. "You landed a pretty good fish, my dear!"

THEN you call up your butcher. "Hello," you say, "have you some nice corned beef or some nice pork shanks or some nice ham hocks?"

"Chances are he has and that he will admit they are all nice, too."

"Will you send me up enough corned beef for three, say?"

And he will send you enough—plenty. If you holler about the size of it he will tell you that corned beef always boils down and that you must order twice as much as you think you want in order to get half as much as you need.

YOU now have your groceries ordered. Chances are you will be short of a few things, such as butter, salt, potatoes, sugar and coffee. But you will discover all that when you have your meal prepared. All housewives do.

This will give you a chance to "slip on something" and "run down to the corner," where you can finish ordering your groceries at the delicatessen.

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